The Holbrook News

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MUSIC SOOTHES THE SICK.

Hospital Patients Greatly Benefited by a Kind-Hearted Player.

The gifts that some of us possess for doing good to others was strikingly shown a few days ago in an uptown hospital. A student who was an expert mandolin player had called on a friend who was a patient in the institution, and at the sick man's request he had brought his instrument. The patient's room was one of many that opened off a reception room. Among the patients on the same floor was a sufferer from the morphine habit, who at frequent intervals had to be given a potion to quiet his nerves. As the time approached for him to receive this he would become so nervous that he would almost rave. Not far away was a young woman suffering from a nervous breakdown. She was rarely at rest.

Suddenly the first notes of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" broke the quiet of the hospital. Mellowed by distance, the music of the mandolin, played by a master hand, sounded like that of a violin. The effect on the patients was noticeable at once. The morphine user, who had been begging for his potion, paused to listen and forgot the craving for the drug. It was the same with the young woman. Instead of picking at the counterpane she lay perfectly still, fearful of missing a note from the sweet melody that floated in through her open door.

Then came "Home, Sweet Home," and as some of the patients lay with closed eyes from under many a lid there stole a tear as the sufferers thought of the homes to which some of them might never return. Again and again did the musician favor his eager audience with selections, classical or popular. Even the nurses and physicians felt soothed and benefited as the result of the efforts of the obliging student. The thanks of his score of hearers shone from their eyes as the young man left the room of his friend and took the elevator for the first floor.

"That did our patients more good than lots of the medicine they take," remarked one of the physicians. "It is a pity that some rich man does not provide enough money so that the sick and injured in our hospitals could be soothed at frequent intervals by as good music as that which we have just heard."—Philadelphia Press.

WHERE TO BUILD.

Rocky Site No Longer Advised—Gravel Said to Be the Ideal Soil.

Strange as it may seem, after 2,000 years of talk and song about the advantages of founding one's house upon a rock, one of the very things that modern builders tell us to avoid in selecting a site is rock. That is principally because of the great cost of excavating a cellar in rocky soil.

Another objection to rocky soil is that water will not soak through rock and so runs down it. Some of this water would be almost certain to seep through the cellar walls, making the cellar damp; or it might undermine the foundations.

Again rock often contains springs. If a spring were opened during blasting it would mean either that the water would have to flow through the cellar or be deflected—a costly operation. A house built upon a rock also vibrates during thunder storms.

Clay is perhaps more to be avoided than rock, says the Circle. Clay collects water and spreads under pressure. It expands in wet or frosty weather and contracts in summer. Frozen clay clings to brick or stone and often causes dislocation of cellar walls and piers.

Also it is impervious to water. Thus an underground layer of clay will prevent the proper drainage of rain water and leave the soil foul and sodden. Finally, it is exeremely costly to excavate. Undesirable for building purposes also are made land, sand and silt. Made land is not always stable.

Gravel is the ideal soil for building purposes. It is porous and drains perfectly. At the same time it is sufficiently stable to support foundations A gravelly elevation is the ideal building site.

Depressions or levels between rocks are likely to retain water, even though the depression is slight and the elevations distant. The ground water thus retained stands at a level. Small gravelly elevations form islands, as it were, in a subterranean lake, and upon them houses may be built with perfect safety. The cellar floor will be above the ground water level and no rain water will drain into the cellar.

THE BILLION DOLLAR FORTUNE.

Rapid Increase of a Great Fortune.

The Astor properties now increase as never before, writes Burton J. Hendrick in McClure's. Land values in the last five years have jumped 50 and 100 per cent. The forces already described have been especially marked since 1900. The city's population grows at the rate of 100,000 a year. In many sections New York has been largely reconstructed; new headquarters of retail trade and business have developed; public improvements initiated since then—tunnels, bridges, subways, railroad terminals—aggregate in cost not far from $200,000,000. There has been a general movement of corporations toward New York; practically all the newly organized combinations, for example, have located there. When John Jacob died in 1890, his estate, inherited by William Waldorf, was estimated at $150,000,000. If it were worth that then, it is worth $300,000,000 now. The estate of William Astor, who died in 1892, inherited by the present John Jacob, was generally placed at about $65,000,000. If that were an accurate figure it must now aggregate at least $100,000,000. The combined Astor fortune thus increases with accelerated momentum. In fifteen or twenty years at the present rate of progress it will have reached the billion mark. And then it will go on even faster, until the ordinary mind is appalled at the pretentious figures. We have seen that the $2,000,000 invested by John Jacob has multiplied at least 200 times in 100 years. It has reached, at a conservative estimate, $450,000,000. If the same rate be maintained for another century, the Astor fortune will attain the unimaginable total of eighty billions. We stand aghast at such a possibility, but not more so than would have John Jacob's contemporaries had they foreseen the present reality. In 1830 John Jacob was the only man in New York who was worth a million dollars.

THE BEE'S STING.

An Ugly Weapon Something Like a Three Bladed Sword.

The bee's sting is made up of three separate lances, each with a barbed edge and each capable of being thrust forward independently of the others.

The central and broader lance has a hollow face, furnished at each side with a rail or beading, which runs its whole length. On the back of each of the other two lances there is a longitudinal groove, and into these grooves fit the raised beadings of the central lancet.

Thus the sting is like a sword with three blades—united, but sliding upon one another—the barbed points of which continue to advance alternately into the wound, going ever deeper and deeper of their own malice aforethought after the initial thrust is made. It is a device of war compared to which the explosive bullet is but a clumsy brutality. Yet this is not all.

To make its death-dealing powers doubly sure this thorough-minded amazon must fill the haft of her triple blade with a subtle poison and so contrive its sliding mechanism that the same impulse which drives the points successively forward drenches the whole weapon with a fatal juice.—From "The Lore of the Honey Bee," by Tickner Edwardes.

Selling Small Change.

Every business day afternoon in New York City a short, stocky man with a wooden box under each arm rushes up and down Park row into saloons, nickelodeons, cigar stores and restaurants, where small change is needed. He is known as the "Park Row Change Man" and carries from $100 to $200 in small change on each trip he makes.

This money is arranged in rouleaus, or rolls, stamped and sealed, in amounts varying from $1 to $10, and made up of pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollars. These he sells at an average profit of five cents a roll, shopkeepers being glad to pay this for the accommodation. The Park row dispenser of lubricants, food, cigars and other necessary things is always ready to take all the change he can get.

"The Change Man of the Row" has two assistants who gather all the small coin they get from the circulation rooms of the big newspaper offices, subway and elevated stations, and "The Firm of Change Artists" handles hundreds of dollars a day from which they derive a tidy weekly income.

This is only one of the petty paying industries of the row that few of the hundreds of thousands of persons who pass up and down Park row day in and day out know anything about.

Assuming the Responsibility.

Mrs. Malone's patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open, as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said:

"Mary, your mouth is open."

"Yessum," replied Mary, "I opened it."—Success Magazine.

NOTED PERSONS TAKEN

Death Has a Recent Harvest of Four People of International Prominence.

EACH WAS GREAT IN HIS LINE

Modjeska, Crawford, Hitchcock and Swinburne Had Carved Their Names in Halls of Fame.

An actress, a statesman, a novelist and a poet, each standing in the foremost ranks of those in his particular line, have been called from the various scenes of their brilliant earthly careers within a short period recently. Each was known and admired internationally and their deaths, all within three days, deprive the world of further great works which it had every right to expect from such fruitful lives.

A Great Tragedienne.

The death of Helena Modjeska closes the career of one of the most remarkable women ever seen on an American stage. As a tragedienne none of her

MME. MODJESKA.

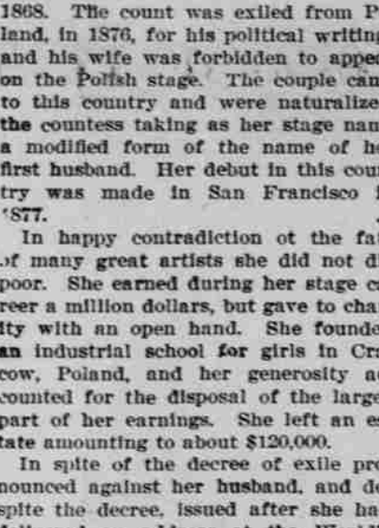
contemporaries was her superior, and but few if any her equal. Her life was a romantic one. She was first married to Gustav Modzejewski, by whom she had one son, Ralph. Her second marriage was with Count Bozenta in 1868. The count was exiled from Poland, in 1876, for his political writings and his wife was forbidden to appear on the Polish stage. The couple came to this country and were naturalized, the countess taking as her stage name a modified form of the name of her first husband. Her debut in this country was made in San Francisco in '77.

In happy contradiction ot the fate of many great artists she did not die poor. She earned during her stage career a million dollars, but gave to charity with an open hand. She founded an industrial school for girls in Cracow, Poland, and her generosity accounted for the disposal of the larger part of her earnings. She left an estate amounting to about $120,000.

In spite of the decree of exile pronounced against her husband, and despite the decree, issued after she had delivered an address at the World's Fair in Chicago on Russian-Polish politics, barring her from all Russian possessions, it is her husband's intention to take the body back to her native town of Cracow for burial.

An American Statesman.

The death of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, removed a statesman whose record for honesty and whose high sense of duty were recognized by his country. Mr. Hitchcock was the grandson of General



ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK.

Ethan Allen of the Revolution. His death came April 9 at the age of 74. In 1897 he was appointed by President McKinley as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Russia, and the following year the post was raised to an embassy. In 1898 he was called home to become Secretary of the Interior, a place which he kept under President Roosevelt. He served until March 4, 1907, when he resigned to return to private life.

Secretary Hitchcock was a foe to land frauds and the most prominent of his reforms was the determined effort

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

to put an end to such frauds on the Federal domain. He prosecuted many wealthy land grabbers among whom were men well known in public life and private business.

A Famous Novelist.

The great American novelist, F. Marion Crawford, one of the most prolific our country has produced, breathed his last at his home at Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, the evening of the same day as Mr. Hitchcock. Mr. Crawford had a training that gave him not only the secrets of language and literature, but an intimate knowledge of many peoples and of many lands. His father was Thomas Crawford, the noted sculptor whose "Liberty" is on top of the Capitol at Washington. His mother was a sister of Julia Ward Howe and of Sam Ward, the author. Young Crawford spent much of his life in Italy, where he was born, returning time and again after his wanderings over the earth, and there he finally married and made his home. He attended St. Paul's at Concord, N. H., and later entered Trinity College, Cambridge, still later going to Heidelberg. He made a deep study of many languages through his travels.

Though he spent most of his years after marriage in Italy, he made several visits to this country. His chief recreation was yachting and he held a

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

professional master's certificate from the Association of American Ship Masters and from the United States Marine Board. He wrote an astounding number of novels, having produced one every year from the time he wrote the first in 1881, and sometimes three in twelve months. He wrote only one play, which was produced by Sarah Bernhardt in Paris.

English Man of Letters.

England's great poet and essayist, Algernon Charles Swinburne, died at the age of 72, at his home in Putney. One of the greatest poets of the Victorian period, all England expected Tennyson's mantle of poet laureate to fall upon his shoulders. But Swinburne was strong in his likes and dislikes and some of his works were tinged with his animosity against kings and priests. He created a style of his own and cared little for criticism. He was early inspired by Shakespeare and later became a devout worshiper of Browning. Upon leaving Oxford he spent some time in travel. He contributed a wealth of impassioned poetry to the English language and in addition was a keen critic. His strong personality has left an indelible mark upon literature.

Cruel Suspicion.

"Biggins is a great reader. He invariably buys a newspaper before getting on a street car."

"I have noticed the paper," answered Miss Cayenne. "But I am not so sure he reads it. Maybe he holds it up because he's too polite to see a lady standing."—Washington Star.

Don't kick a man to-day because he is down. You may be down to-morrow.

HIS ADVICE MISCARRIED.

Archibald Will Probably Allow His Wife to Run the House Now.

"There is no condensed milk in this can," said Archibald when it came time for his second cup, according to the New York Times. "Any more in the pantry?"

"No, dear, I must order some more the first time I think of it," said Mrs. Archibald.

"And meanwhile I can take my coffee raw I suppose," sighed Archibald. "A little more butter, please."

"Only a little teeny-weeny bit, Archie, dear, because there isn't any more and the butter man doesn't come until to-morrow."

"Very well," said Archibald, like a good husband. "Did the tailor come for my clothes to-day?"

"Oh, there!" said Mrs. Archie, "I knew there was something. I forgot to tell Bridget about them and I suppose he came while I was out."

"Perhaps he did. Apparently the postman has followed his example. I don't see any letters. There's one I've been especially looking for."

"Have you, dear? Why, he brought a lot of mail for you day before yesterday. It's there behind the clock. You didn't ask for it and so I——"

"My darling," said Archibald, trying to be as dispassionate and impressive as possible, "you must be more careful. That was a very important letter. We must have these things better taken care of."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Really, I do all I can, I'm sure," said Mrs. Archibald, pathetically. "I'm doing things all the time."

"Yes," said Archibald, feeling secure now he had got her to admit she was in the wrong. "You do a great deal, I admit. But you should remember it is not what you do but what you leave undone that shows most."

"Oh, Archie, you are so wise always, aren't you?" said his wife admiringly. "I know that what you say is true. I simply mustn't leave things undone any more. Now won't you please hook up the back of my waist right away? That's been undone for the last half hour."

Well, Archie ought to have known better than to offer advice to a woman, anyhow.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

By the way, and speaking generally, who provides the food wherewith the "brute" is fed?

Was there ever a married woman who didn't consider her husband's sisters frumps and dowdies?

A lot of men, who brag that their wives are crackerjack cooks thereby qualify for membership in the Ananias club.

What no man can understand: Why a woman should wear a "rat" when she hasn't enough front hair to keep it covered.

The woman who marries a man to reform him doesn't have to attend experience meetings to find out about things, anyhow.

A pretty woman is sadly deficient in imagination who says in a mixed company that her soft corn tells her there's going to be rain.

The man who permits his wife to buy his haberdashery for him finds it hard to believe that women don't understand the meaning of the word "graft."

Men don't lie to women anything like as often as women imagine they do. They prefer some more difficult and exhilarating form of indoor sport.

Notwithstanding all of those "Feed the brute" digs, it is perfectly natural for a wholesome woman to enjoy seeing a wholesome man eating well and wholesomely.

When a married woman (hankering for the higher and nobler) gets the settlement work bug, that settles it so far as her home is concerned in more ways than one.

Another undesirable citizeness is the one who, sitting behind you at the theater, munches peppermint lozenges to disguise the spring onions she was unable to resist at dinner.

The woman whose dictum with regard to her husband is "What's the use of chasing a car after you've caught it?" sooner or later has a merry little affinity-chasing job on her hands.

There is nothing very jocund or joyous about a boil on the back of the neck. But most men would rather have the boil than a wife who harps upon the "sacrifices" she had to make when she got married.

A man who fancies himself a social wit is sufficiently unspeakable, but when a woman begins to imagine that heaven designed her for a maker of house party epigrams her afflicted friends long for Euthanasia or the tangled chaparral.

You doubtless abuse the Cubans a good deal for not being capable of self-government. Do YOU govern yourself very well?